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Number One

# RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES.

## EVANGELINE

BY

H. W. LONGFELLOW

*WITH NOTES*

AND

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



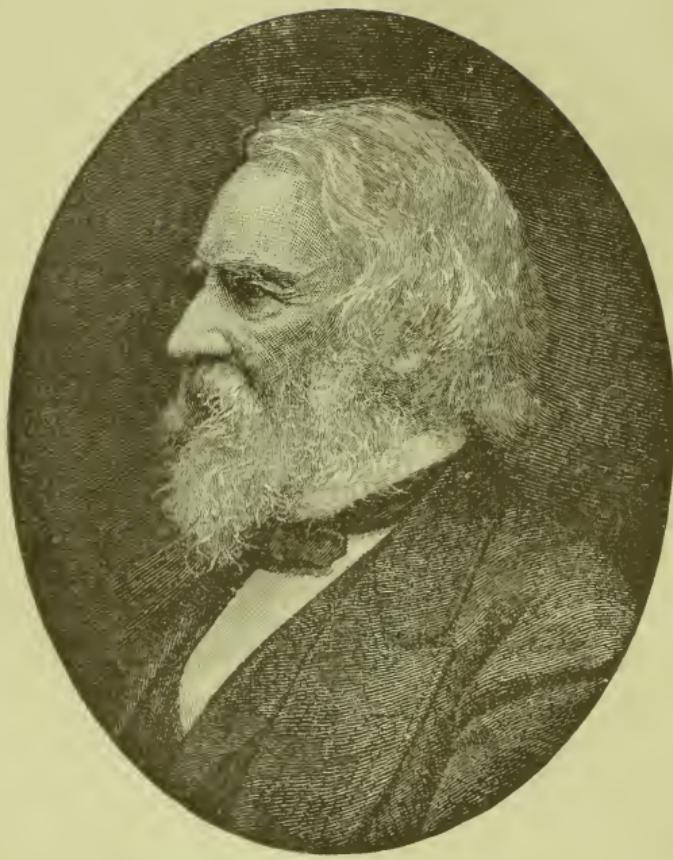
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Oliver W. Longfellow

The Riverside Literature Series

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## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was a classmate of Hawthorne at Bowdoin College, graduating there in the class of 1825. He began the study of law in the office of his father, Hon. Stephen Longfellow; but receiving shortly the appointment of professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, he devoted himself after that to literature, and to teaching in connection with literature. Before beginning his work at Bowdoin he increased his qualifications by travel and study in Europe, where he stayed three years. Upon his return he gave his lectures on modern languages and literature at the college, and wrote occasionally for the *North American Review* and other periodicals. The first volume which he published was an *Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain*, accompanied by translations from Spanish verse. This was issued in 1833, but has not been kept in print as a separate work. It appears as a chapter in *Outre-Mer*, a reflection of his European life and travel, the first of his prose-writings. In 1835 he was invited to succeed Mr. George Ticknor as professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard College, and again went to Europe for pre-

paratory study, giving especial attention to Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries. He held his professorship until 1854, but continued to live in Cambridge until his death, March 24, 1882, occupying a house known from a former occupant as the Craigie House, and also as Washington's headquarters, that general having so used it while organizing the army that held Boston in siege at the beginning of the Revolution. Everett, Sparks, and Worcester, the lexicographer, at one time or another lived in this house, and here Longfellow wrote most of his works. In 1839 appeared *Hyperion, a Romance*, which, with more narrative form than *Outre-Mer*, like that gave the results of a poet's entrance into the riches of the Old World life. In the same year was published *Voices of the Night*, a little volume containing chiefly poems and translations which had been printed separately in periodicals. *The Psalm of Life*, perhaps the best known of Longfellow's short poems, was in this volume, and here too were *The Beleaguered City* and *Footsteps of Angels*. *Ballads and other Poems* and *Poems on Slavery* appeared in 1842; *The Spanish Student*, a play in three acts, in 1843; *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems* in 1846; *Evangeline* in 1847; *Kavanagh, a Tale*, in prose, in 1849. Beside the various volumes comprising short poems, the list of Mr. Longfellow's works includes *The Golden Legend*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *The New England Tragedies*, and a translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. Mr. Longfellow's literary life began in his college days, and he wrote poems almost to the day of his death. A classification of his poems and longer works would be an interesting task, and would help to disclose the wide

range of his sympathy and taste; a collection of the metres which he has used would show the versatility of his art, and similar studies would lead one to discover the many countries and ages to which he would go for subjects. It would not be difficult to gather from the volume of Longfellow's poems hints of personal experience, that biography of the heart which is of more worth to us than any record, however full, of external change and adventure. Such hints may be found, for example, in the early lines, *To the River Charles*, which may be compared with his recent *Three Friends of Mine*, iv., v.; in *A Gleam of Sunshine*, *To a Child*, *The Day is Done*, *The Fire of Driftwood*, *Resignation*, *The Open Window*, *The Ladder of St. Augustine*, *My Lost Youth*, *The Children's Hour*, *Weariness*, and other poems; not that we are to take all sentiments and statements made in the first person as the poet's, for often the form of the poem is so far dramatic that the poet is assuming a character not necessarily his own, but the recurrence of certain strains, joined with personal allusions, helps one to penetrate the slight veil with which the poet, here as elsewhere, half conceals and half reveals himself. The friendly associations of the poet may also be discovered in several poems directly addressed to persons or distinctly allusive of them, and the reader will find it pleasant to construct the companionship of the poet out of such poems as *The Herons of Elmwood*, *To William E. Channing*, *The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz*, *To Charles Sumner*, the *Prelude to Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Hawthorne*, and other poems. An interesting study of Mr. Longfellow's writings will be found in a paper by W. D. Howells, in the *North American Review*, vol. civ.

## I.

### EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE.

#### HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

[THE country now known as Nova Scotia, and called formerly Acadie by the French, was in the hands of the French and English by turns until the year 1713, when, by the Peace of Utrecht, it was ceded by France to Great Britain, and has ever since remained in the possession of the English. But in 1713 the inhabitants of the peninsula were mostly French farmers and fishermen, living about Minas Basin and on Annapolis River, and the English government exercised only a nominal control over them. It was not till 1749 that the English themselves began to make settlements in the country, and that year they laid the foundations of the town of Halifax. A jealousy soon sprang up between the English and French settlers, which was deepened by the great conflict which was impending between the two mother countries; for the treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, which confirmed the English title to Nova Scotia, was scarcely more than a truce between the two powers which had been struggling for ascendancy during the beginning of the century. The French engaged in a long controversy with the English respecting the boundaries of Acadie, which had been defined by the treaties in somewhat general terms, and in-

trigues were carried on with the Indians, who were generally in sympathy with the French, for the annoyance of the English settlers. The Acadians were allied to the French by blood and by religion, but they claimed to have the rights of neutrals, and that these rights had been granted to them by previous English officers of the crown. The one point of special dispute was the oath of allegiance demanded of the Acadians by the English. This they refused to take, except in a form modified to excuse them from bearing arms against the French. The demand was repeatedly made, and evaded with constant ingenuity and persistency. Most of the Acadians were probably simple-minded and peaceful people, who desired only to live undisturbed upon their farms ; but there were some restless spirits, especially among the young men, who compromised the reputation of the community, and all were very much under the influence of their priests, some of whom made no secret of their bitter hostility to the English, and of their determination to use every means to be rid of them.

As the English interests grew and the critical relations between the two countries approached open warfare, the question of how to deal with the Acadian problem became the commanding one of the colony. There were some who coveted the rich farms of the Acadians ; there were some who were inspired by religious hatred ; but the prevailing spirit was one of fear for themselves from the near presence of a community which, calling itself neutral, might at any time offer a convenient ground for hostile attack. Yet to require these people to withdraw to Canada or Louisburg would be to strengthen the hands of the French, and make these neutrals determined enemies. The colony finally resolved, without

consulting the home government, to remove the Acadians to other parts of North America, distributing them through the colonies in such a way as to preclude any concert amongst the scattered families by which they should return to Acadia. To do this required quick and secret preparations. There were at the service of the English governor a number of New England troops, brought thither for the capture of the forts lying in the debatable land about the head of the Bay of Fundy. These were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, of Massachusetts, a great-grandson of Governor Edward Winslow, of Plymouth, and to this gentleman and Captain Alexander Murray was intrusted the task of removal. They were instructed to use stratagem, if possible, to bring together the various families, but to prevent any from escaping to the woods. On the 2d of September, 1755, Winslow issued a written order, addressed to the inhabitants of Grand-Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc., "as well ancient as young men and lads," — a proclamation summoning all the males to attend him in the church at Grand-Pré on the 5th instant, to hear a communication which the governor had sent. As there had been negotiations respecting the oath of allegiance, and much discussion as to the withdrawal of the Acadians from the country, though none as to their removal and dispersal, it was understood that this was an important meeting, and upon the day named four hundred and eighteen men and boys assembled in the church. Winslow, attended by his officers and men, caused a guard to be placed round the church, and then announced to the people his majesty's decision that they were to be removed with their families out of the country. The church became at once a guard-house,

and all the prisoners were under strict surveillance. At the same time similar plans had been carried out at Pisiquid under Captain Murray, and less successfully at Chignecto. Meanwhile there were whispers of a rising among the prisoners, and although the transports which had been ordered from Boston had not yet arrived, it was determined to make use of the vessels which had conveyed the troops, and remove the men to these for safer keeping. This was done on the 10th of September, and the men remained on the vessels in the harbor until the arrival of the transports, when these were made use of, and about three thousand souls sent out of the country to North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. In the haste and confusion of sending them off,—a haste which was increased by the anxiety of the officers to be rid of the distasteful business, and a confusion which was greater from the difference of tongues,—many families were separated, and some at least never came together again.

The story of *Evangeline* is the story of such a separation. The removal of the Acadians was a blot upon the government of Nova Scotia and upon that of Great Britain, which never disowned the deed, although it was probably done without direct permission or command from England. It proved to be unnecessary, but it must also be remembered that to many men at that time the English power seemed trembling before France, and that the colony at Halifax regarded the act as one of self-preservation.

The authorities for an historical inquiry into this subject are best seen in a volume published by the government of Nova Scotia at Halifax in 1869, entitled

*Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia*, edited by Thomas B. Akins, D. C. L., Commissioner of Public Records; and in a manuscript journal kept by Colonel Winslow, now in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston. At the State House in Boston are two volumes of records, entitled *French Neutrals*, which contain voluminous papers relating to the treatment of the Acadians who were sent to Massachusetts. Probably the work used by the poet in writing *Evangeline* was *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, by Thomas C. Haliburton, who is best known as the author of *The Clock-Maker, or The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*, a book which, written apparently to prick the Nova Scotians into more enterprise, was for a long while the chief representative of Yankee smartness. Judge Haliburton's history was published in 1829. A later history, which takes advantage more freely of historical documents, is *A History of Nova Scotia, or Acadie*, by Beamish Murdock, Esq., Q. C., Halifax, 1866. Still more recent is a smaller, well-written work, entitled *The History of Acadia from its First Discovery to its Surrender to England by the Treaty of Paris*, by James Hannay, St. John, N. B., 1879. W. J. Anderson published a paper in the transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, New Series, part 7, 1870, entitled *Evangeline and the Archives of Nova Scotia*, in which he examines the poem by the light of the volume of Nova Scotia Archives, edited by T. B. Akins. The sketches of travellers in Nova Scotia, as *Acadia, or a Month among the Blue Noses*, by F. S. Cozzens, and *Baddeck*, by C. D. Warner, give the present appearance of the country and inhabitants.

The measure of *Evangeline* is what is commonly known as English dactylic hexameter. The hexameter is the measure used by Homer in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and by Virgil in the *Aeneid*, but the difference between the English language and the Latin or Greek is so great, especially when we consider that in English poetry every word must be accented according to its customary pronunciation, while in scanning Greek and Latin verse accent follows the quantity of the vowels, that in applying this term of hexameter to *Evangeline* it must not be supposed by the reader that he is getting the effect of Greek hexameters. It is the Greek hexameter translated into English use, and some have maintained that the verse of the *Iliad* is better represented in the English by the trochaic measure of fifteen syllables, of which an excellent illustration is in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*; others have compared the Greek hexameter to the ballad metre of fourteen syllables, used notably by Chapman in his translation of Homer's *Iliad*. The measure adopted by Mr. Longfellow has never become very popular in English poetry, but has repeatedly been attempted by other poets. The reader will find the subject of hexameters discussed by Matthew Arnold in his lectures *On Translating Homer*; by James Spedding in *English Hexameters*, in his recent volume, *Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political and Historical, not relating to Bacon*; and by John Stuart Blackie in *Remarks on English Hexameters*, contained in his volume *Horæ Hellenicæ*.

The measure lends itself easily to the lingering melancholy which marks the greater part of the poem, and the poet's fine sense of harmony between subject and form is rarely better shown than in this poem. The fall

of the verse at the end of the line and the sharp recovery at the beginning of the next will be snares to the reader, who must beware of a jerking style of delivery. The voice naturally seeks a rest in the middle of the line, and this rest, or cæsural pause, should be carefully regarded; a little practice will enable one to acquire that habit of reading the hexameter, which we may liken, roughly, to the climbing of a hill, resting a moment on the summit, and then descending the other side. The charm in reading *Evangeline* aloud, after a clear understanding of the sense, which is the essential in all good reading, is found in this gentle labor of the former half of the line, and gentle acceleration of the latter half.]

---

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines  
and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct  
in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and pro-  
phetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their  
bosoms.

1. A primeval forest is, strictly speaking, one which has never been disturbed by the axe.

3. *Druids* were priests of the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Gaul and Britain. The name was probably of Celtic origin, but its form may have been determined by the Greek word *drūs*, an oak, since their places of worship were consecrated groves of oak. Perhaps the choice of the image was governed by the analogy of a religion and tribe that were to disappear before a stronger power.

4. A poetical description of an ancient harper will be found in the *Introduction to the Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Sir Walter Scott.

5 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail  
 of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the  
 hearts that beneath it  
 Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland  
 the voice of the huntsman?  
 Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Aca-  
 dian farmers,—  
 10 Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the  
 woodlands,  
 Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image  
 of heaven?  
 Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for-  
 ever departed!  
 Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts  
 of October  
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them  
 far o'er the ocean.  
 15 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village  
 of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures,  
 and is patient,  
 Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's  
 devotion,  
 List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines  
 of the forest;  
 List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

8. Observe how the tragedy of the story is anticipated by this picture of the startled roe.

19. In the earliest records *Acadie* is called *Cadie*; it afterwards was called

## PART THE FIRST.

## I.

20 IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of  
Minas,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched  
to the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks  
without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with  
labor incessant,

25 Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the  
flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er  
the meadows.

Arcadia, Accadia, or L'Acadie. The name is probably a French adaptation of a word common among the Micmac Indians living there, signifying place or region, and used as an affix to other words as indicating the place where various things, as cranberries, eels, seals, were found in abundance. The French turned this Indian term into Cadie or Acadie ; the English into Quoddy, in which form it remains when applied to the Quoddy Indians, to Quoddy Head, the last point of the United States next to Acadia, and in the compound Passamaquoddy, or Pollock-Ground.

21. Compare, for effect, the first line of Goldsmith's *The Traveller*. Grand-Pré will be found on the map as part of the township of Horton.

24. The people of Acadia are mainly the descendants of the colonists who were brought out to La Have and Port Royal by Isaac de Razilly and Charnisay between the years 1633 and 1638. These colonists came from Rochelle, Saintonge, and Poitou, so that they were drawn from a very limited area on the west coast of France, covered by the modern departments of Vendée and Charente Inférieure. This circumstance had some influence on their mode of settling the lands of Acadia, for they came from a country of marshes, where the sea was kept out by artificial dikes, and they found in Acadia similar marshes, which they dealt with in the same way that they had been accustomed to practice in France. Hannay's *History of Acadia*, pp. 282, 283. An excellent account of dikes and the flooding of low lands, as practiced in Holland, may be found in *A Farmer's Vacation*, by George E. Waring, Jr.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards  
and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away  
to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the  
mountains

30 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the  
mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their sta-  
tion descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian  
village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak  
and of hemlock,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign  
of the Henries.

35 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and  
gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the  
doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the  
chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in  
kirtles

29. *Blomidon* is a mountainous headland of red sandstone, surmounted by a perpendicular wall of basaltic trap, the whole about four hundred feet in height, at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

34. The characteristics of a Normandy village may be further learned by reference to a pleasant little sketch-book, published a few years since, called *Normandy Picturesque*, by Henry Blackburn, and to *Through Normandy*, by Katharine S. Macquoid.

39. The term *kirtle* was sometimes applied to the jacket only, sometimes to the train or upper petticoat attached to it. A full kirtle was always both ; a half kirtle was a term applied to either. A man's jacket was sometimes called a kirtle ; here the reference is apparently to the full kirtle worn by women.

40 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
within doors  
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and  
the songs of the maidens.  
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and  
the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to  
bless them.

45 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose ma-  
trons and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate  
welcome.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and se-  
renely the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from  
the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the  
village

50 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense  
ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and  
contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian  
farmers,—  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were  
they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice  
of republics.

49. *Angelus Domini* is the full name given to the bell which, at morning, noon, and night, called the people to prayer, in commemoration of the visit of the angel of the Lord to the Virgin Mary. It was introduced into France in its modern form in the sixteenth century.

55 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;  
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners ;  
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,  
 60 Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his household,  
 Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.  
 Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters ;  
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes ;  
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.  
 65 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers ;  
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,  
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses !  
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.  
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noon-tide  
 70 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell  
from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with  
his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon  
them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of  
beads and her missal,

75 Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and  
the ear-rings

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as  
an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations.

But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after  
confession,

80 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benedic-  
tion upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of  
exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of  
the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and  
a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreath-  
ing around it.

85 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and  
a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the  
meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a  
penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

90 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,

95 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

93. The accent is on the first syllable of *antique*, where it remains in the form *antic*, which once had the same general meaning.

99. *Odorous*. The accent here, as well as in line 403, is upon the first syllable, where it is commonly placed; but Milton, who of all poets had the most refined ear, writes

“So from the root

Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves

More airy, last the bright consummate flower

Spirits odorous breathes.”

*Par. Lost*, Book V., lines 479-482.

But he also uses the more familiar accent in other passages, as “An amber scent of ódorous perfume.”

*Samson Agonistes*, 720.

100 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates  
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.  
105 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!  
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,  
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,  
110 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;  
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;  
115 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored  
of all men;

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and  
nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the  
people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from  
earliest childhood

120 Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father  
Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught  
them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the  
church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson  
completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the  
blacksmith.

125 There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to  
behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a  
plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire  
of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of  
cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering  
darkness

130 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through  
every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the labor-  
ing bellows,

122. The *plain-song* is a monotonic recitative of the collects.

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in  
the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into  
the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the  
eagle,

135 Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er  
the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests  
on the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which  
the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight  
of its fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of  
the swallow!

140 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer  
were children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face  
of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of  
a woman.

“Sunshine of Saint Eulalie” was she called; for  
that was the sunshine

133. The French have another saying similar to this, that they were guests going into the wedding.

139. In Pluquet's *Contes Populaires* we are told that if one of a swallow's young is blind the mother bird seeks on the shore of the ocean a little stone, with which she restores its sight; and he adds, “He who is fortunate enough to find that stone in a swallow's nest holds a wonderful remedy.” Pluquet's book treats of Norman superstitions and popular traits.

144. Pluquet also gives this proverbial saying:—

“Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie,  
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie.”

145 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples ;  
 She too would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,  
 Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,  
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.  
 150 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,  
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.  
 Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of September  
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.  
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
 155 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey  
 Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted  
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.  
 Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,  
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints !

(If the sun shines on Saint Eulalie's day, there will be plenty of apples, and cider enough.)

Saint Eulalie's day is the 12th of February.

159. The Summer of All-Saints is our Indian Summer, All-Saints Day being

160 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape  
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.  
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean  
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.  
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,  
165 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,  
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;  
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest  
170 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending

November 1st. The French also give this season the name of Saint Martin's Summer, Saint Martin's Day being November 11th.

170. Herodotus, in his account of Xerxes' expedition against Greece, tells of a beautiful plane-tree which Xerxes found, and was so enamored with that he dressed it as one might a woman, and placed it under the care of a guardsman (vii. 31). Another writer, *Ælian*, improving on this, says he adorned it with a necklace and bracelets.

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the  
herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their  
necks on each other,

175 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the fresh-  
ness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful  
heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that  
waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human  
affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks  
from the seaside,

180 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them fol-  
lowed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of  
his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and  
superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the strag-  
glers ;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;  
their protector,

185 When from the forest at night, through the starry  
silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from  
the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its  
odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes  
and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and pon-  
derous saddles,

190 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels  
of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with  
blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded  
their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in reg-  
ular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets de-  
scended.

195 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard  
in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into  
stillness ;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of  
the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was  
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly  
the farmer

200 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames  
and the smoke-wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Be-  
hind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures  
fantastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away  
into darkness.

193. There is a charming milkmaid's song in Tennyson's drama of *Queen Mary*, Act III., Scene 5, where the streaming of the milk into the sounding pails is caught in the tinkling *k's* of such lines as

“When you came and kissed me milking the cows.”

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his  
arm-chair

205 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates  
on the dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies  
the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of  
Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before  
him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgun-  
dian vineyards.

210 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline  
seated,

Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner  
behind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent  
shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the  
drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the frag-  
ments together.

215 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at in-  
tervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the  
priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion  
the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and,  
suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back  
on its hinges.

220 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil  
the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was  
with him.

“ Welcome ! ” the farmer exclaimed, as their foot-  
steps paused on the threshold,

“ Welcome, Basil, my friend ! Come, take thy place  
on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty  
without thee ;

225 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box  
of tobacco ;

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the  
curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and  
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the  
mist of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil  
the blacksmith,

230 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire-  
side : —

“ Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and  
thy ballad !

Ever in cheerfulness mood art thou, when others are  
filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before  
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked  
up a horseshoe.”

235 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline  
brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he  
slowly continued : —

“Four days now are passed since the English ships  
at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon  
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all are  
commanded

240 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his  
Majesty’s mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the  
mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the peo-  
ple.”

Then made answer the farmer : — “Perhaps some  
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the har-  
vests in England

245 By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been  
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed their  
cattle and children.”

“Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said  
warmly the blacksmith,

Shaking his head as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh,  
he continued : —

“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor  
Port Royal.

239. The text of Colonel Winslow’s proclamation will be found in *Haliburton*, i. 175.

249. Louisburg, on Cape Breton, was built by the French as a military and naval station early in the eighteenth century, but was taken by an expedition from Massachusetts under General Pepperell in 1745. It was restored by England to France in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and recaptured by the English in 1757. Beau Séjour was a French fort upon the neck of land connecting Acadia with the main-land which had just been captured by Winslow’s forces. Port Royal, afterward called Annapolis Royal, at the outlet of Annapolis River into the Bay of Fundy, had been disputed ground, being occupied alternately by French and English, but in 1710 was attacked by an expedition

250 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds ;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer : —

255 " Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night of the contract.

260 Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village

Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children ? "

265 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,

from New England, and after that held by the English government and made a fortified place.

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father  
had spoken,  
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary  
entered.

## III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of  
the ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the  
notary public ;  
270 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the  
maize, hung  
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and  
glasses with horn bows  
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom su-  
pernal.  
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a  
hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his  
great watch tick.  
275 Four long 'years in the times of the war had he lan-  
guished a captive,  
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend  
of the English.  
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or sus-  
picion,

267. A *notary* is an officer authorized to attest contracts or writings of any kind. His authority varies in different countries; in France he is the necessary maker of all contracts where the subject-matter exceeds 150 francs, and his instruments, which are preserved and registered by himself, are the originals, the parties preserving only copies.

275. King George's War, which broke out in 1744 in Cape Breton, in an attack by the French upon an English garrison, and closed with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748; or, the reference may possibly be to Queen Anne's war, 1702-1713, when the French aided the Indians in their warfare with the colonists.

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;

280 For he told them tales of the *Loup-garou* in the forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,

And of the white *Létiche*, the ghost of a child who unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children ;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,

285 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,

280. The *Loup-garou*, or were-wolf, is, according to an old superstition especially prevalent in France, a man with power to turn himself into a wolf, which he does that he may devour children. In later times the superstition passed into the more innocent one of men having a power to charm wolves.

282. Pluquet relates this superstition, and conjectures that the white, fleet ermine gave rise to it.

284. A belief still lingers among the peasantry of England, as well as on the Continent, that at midnight, on Christmas eve, the cattle in the stalls fall down on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour, as the old legend says was done in the stable at Bethlehem.

285. In like manner a popular superstition prevailed in England that ague could be cured by sealing a spider in a goose-quill and hanging it about the neck.

290 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard  
the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these  
ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary  
public,—

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never  
the wiser ;

And what their errand may be I know no better than  
others.

295 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil inten-  
tion

Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why  
then molest us ?"

"God's name ! " shouted the hasty and somewhat  
irascible blacksmith ;

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the  
why, and the wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the  
strongest ! "

300 But, without heeding his warmth, continued the no-  
tary public,—

"Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice  
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often  
consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at  
Port Royal."

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to  
repeat it

305 When his neighbors complained that any injustice  
was done them.

302. This is an old Florentine story ; in an altered form it is the theme of Rossini's opera of *La Gazza Ladra*.

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer  
remember,  
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its  
left hand,  
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice  
presided

310 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes  
of the people.  
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of  
the balance,  
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-  
shine above them.  
But in the course of time the laws of the land were  
corrupted ;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak were  
oppressed, and the mighty

315 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-  
man’s palace  
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a  
suspicion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the  
household.  
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the  
scaffold,  
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of  
Justice.

320 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-  
cended,  
Lo ! o’er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of  
the thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from  
its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of  
the balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a  
magpie,

325 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was  
inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was  
ended, the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth  
no language;

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face,  
as the vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in  
the winter.

330 Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the  
table,

Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with  
home-brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the  
village of Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers  
and inkhorn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of  
the parties,

335 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep  
and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were  
completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on  
the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on  
the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;

340 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

345 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise

350 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry

344. The word *draughts* is derived from the circumstance of drawing the men from one square to another.

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and  
straightway

355 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in  
the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the  
door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it  
with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed  
on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the  
farmer.

360 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline  
followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the dark-  
ness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the  
maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the  
door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white,  
and its clothes-press

365 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were  
carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline  
woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her  
husband in marriage,

354. *Curfew* is a corruption of *couver-feu*, or cover fire. In the Middle Ages, when police patrol at night was almost unknown, it was attempted to lessen the chances of crime by making it an offence against the laws to be found in the streets in the night, and the curfew bell was tolled, at various hours, according to the custom of the place, from seven to nine o'clock in the evening. It warned honest people to lock their doors, cover their fires, and go to bed. The custom still lingers in many places, even in America, of ringing a bell at nine o'clock in the evening.

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her  
skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and  
radiant moonlight

370 Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room,  
till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous  
tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she  
stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her  
chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of  
the orchard,

375 Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her  
lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling  
of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in  
the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a  
moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely  
the moon pass

380 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow  
her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered  
with Hagar

#### IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of  
Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin  
of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were  
riding at anchor.

385 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous  
labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates  
of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and  
neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian  
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from  
the young folk

390 Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numer-  
ous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels  
in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed  
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were  
silenced.

Thronged 'were the streets with people; and noisy  
groups at the house-doors

395 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped  
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed  
and feasted;

396. "Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved as it were before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind." From the Abbé Raynal's account of the Acadians. The Abbé Guillaume Thomas Francis Raynal was a French writer (1711-1796), who published *A Philosophical History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies*, in which he included also some account of Canada and Nova Scotia. His picture of life among the Acadians, somewhat highly col-

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,

All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant :

400 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ; Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,

Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.

405 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated ;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white

410 Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,

ored, is the source from which after writers have drawn their knowledge of Acadian manners.

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon de Dunkerque,*

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

415 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

413. *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres* was a song written by Ducauroi, *maître de chapelle* of Henri IV., the words of which are : —

Vous connaissez Cybèle,  
Qui sut fixer le Temps ;  
On la disait fort belle,  
Même dans ses vieux ans.

CHORUS.

Cette divinité, quoique déjà grand' mère  
Avait les yeux doux, le teint frais,  
Avait même certains attraits  
Fermes comme la Terre.

*Le Carillon de Dunkerque* was a popular song to a tune played on the Dunkirk chimes. The words are : —

Imprudent, téméraire  
À l'instant, je l'espère  
Dans mon juste courroux,  
Tu vas tomber sous mes coups !  
— Je brave ta menace  
— Être moi ! quelle audace !  
Avance donc, poltron !  
Tu trembles ? non, non, non.  
— J'étouffe de colère !  
— Je ris de ta colère.

The music to which the old man sang these songs will be found in *La Clé du Caveau*, by Pierre Capelle, Nos. 564 and 739. Paris : A. Cotelle.

420 So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.  
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones  
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

425 Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —  
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

430 Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,  
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.  
“ You are convened this day,” he said, “ by his Majesty’s orders.  
Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kindness  
Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper

432. Colonel Winslow has preserved in his Diary the speech which he delivered to the assembled Acadians, and it is copied by Haliburton in his *History of Nova Scotia*, i. 166, 167.

435 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must  
be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our  
monarch :

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle  
of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves  
from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may  
dwell there

440 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable  
people !

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's  
pleasure ! ”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of  
summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of  
the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shat-  
ters his windows,

445 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch  
from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their en-  
closures ;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words  
of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and  
then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

450 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to  
the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce  
imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the  
heads of the others  
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the  
blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the bil-  
lows.

455Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and  
wildly he shouted, —

“ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have  
sworn them allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our  
homes and our harvests ! ”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand  
of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down  
to the pavement.

460 In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con-  
tention,

Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father  
• Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of  
the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed  
into silence

All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his  
people ;

465 Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured  
and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the  
clock strikes.

“ What is this that ye do, my children ? what mad-  
ness has seized you ?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and  
taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !

470 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers  
and privations ?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and  
forgiveness ?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would  
you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with  
hatred ?

Lo ! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gaz-  
ing upon you !

475 See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy  
compassion !

Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘O  
Father, forgive them !’

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the  
wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, ‘O Father, forgive  
them !’ ”

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts  
of his people

480 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the  
passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, “ O Father,  
forgive them ! ”

Then came the evening service. The tapers  
gleamed from the altar ;

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and  
the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the  
Ave Maria

485 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,  
with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to  
heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of  
ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women  
and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her  
right hand

490 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,  
that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor,  
and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and embla-  
zoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on  
the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant  
with wild-flowers;

495 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh  
brought from the dairy;

And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of  
the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the  
sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad am-  
brosial meadows.

Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,

492. To emblazon is literally to adorn anything with ensigns armorial. It was often the custom to work these ensigns into the design of painted windows.

500 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended, —

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience !

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,

Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,

505 Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.

510 All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,

“ Gabriel ! ” cried she aloud with tremulous voice ; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.

515 Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with  
phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of  
her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate  
rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by  
the window.

520 Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the  
echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the  
world He created !

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the  
justice of Heaven ;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully  
slumbered till morning.

v.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on  
the fifth day

525 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the  
farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful  
procession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the  
Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to  
the sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their  
dwellings,

530 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road  
and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on  
the oxen,  
While in their little hands they clasped some frag-  
ments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and  
there on the sea-beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the  
peasants.  
535 All day long between the shore and the ships did the  
boats ply ;  
All day long the wains came laboring down from the  
village.  
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his  
setting,  
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums  
from the churchyard.  
Thither the women and children thronged. On a  
sudden the church-doors  
540 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in  
gloomy procession  
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian  
farmers.  
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes  
and their country,  
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary  
and wayworn,  
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants de-  
scended  
545 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives  
and their daughters.  
Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together  
their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic  
Missions : —

“ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible  
fountain !

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission  
and patience ! ”

550 Then the old men, as they marched, and the women  
that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sun-  
shine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits  
departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in  
silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of  
affliction, —

555 Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession ap-  
proached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emo-  
tion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to  
meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his  
shoulder, and whispered, —

“ Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one an-  
other

560 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances  
may happen ! ”

Smiling she spake these words ; then suddenly paused,  
for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas ! how changed was  
his aspect !

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from  
his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart  
in his bosom.

565 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck  
and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of com-  
fort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mourn-  
ful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir  
of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confu-  
sion

570 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,  
too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest  
entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with  
her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down,  
and the twilight

575 Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the  
refluent ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the  
sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the  
slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods  
and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,

580 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.

585 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders ;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no Angelus sounded,

590 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.

595 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,

Wandered the faithful priest, consoiling and blessing  
and cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-  
shore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat  
with her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old  
man,

600 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either  
thought or emotion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands  
have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to  
cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he  
looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering  
fire-light.

605 "Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of com-  
passion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full,  
and his accents

Faltering and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child  
on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful  
presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of  
the maiden,

610 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above  
them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and  
sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together  
in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

615 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were

620 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

615. The Titans were giant deities in Greek mythology who attempted to deprive Saturn of the sovereignty of heaven, and were driven down into Tartarus by Jupiter, the son of Saturn, who hurled thunderbolts at them. Briareus, the hundred-handed giant, was in mythology of the same parentage as the Titans, but was not classed with them.

621. *Gleeds.* Hot, burning coals; a Chaucerian word:—

“And wafres piping hoot out of the gleede.”

*Canterbury Tales*, I. 3379.

The burning of the houses was in accordance with the instructions of the Governor to Colonel Winslow, in case he should fail in collecting all the inhabitants: “You must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible, not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support by burning their houses, and by destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country.”

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.

625 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,

“We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

630 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses

635 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore

640 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;

645 And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,

650 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”

655 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of  
Grand-Pré.  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of  
sorrow,  
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast  
congregation,  
660 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with  
the dirges.  
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste  
of the ocean,  
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and  
hurrying landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of  
embarking ;  
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of  
the harbor,  
665 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the  
village in ruins.

## PART THE SECOND.

## I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of  
Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-  
parted,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into  
exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in  
story.

657. The bell was tolled to mark the passage of the soul into the other world ; the book was the service book. The phrase "bell, book, or candle" was used in referring to excommunication.

670 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the  
wind from the northeast  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the  
Banks of Newfoundland.  
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from  
city to city,  
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern  
savannas, —

675 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where  
the Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to  
the ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of  
the mammoth.  
Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despair-  
ing, heart-broken,  
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a  
friend nor a fireside.

680 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the  
churchyards.  
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited  
and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all  
things.  
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her ex-  
tended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its  
pathway

677. Bones of the mastodon, or mammoth, have been found scattered all over the territory of the United States and Canada, but the greatest number have been collected in the Salt Licks of Kentucky, and in the States of Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri, and Alabama.

685 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed  
and suffered before her,  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and  
abandoned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is  
marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in  
the sunshine.  
Something there was in her life incomplete, im-  
perfect, unfinished ;

690 As if a morning of June, with all its music and sun-  
shine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly de-  
scended  
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.  
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the  
fever within her,  
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of  
the spirit,

695 She would commence again her endless search and  
endeavor ;  
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the  
crosses and tombstones,  
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-  
haps in its bosom  
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
beside him.  
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whis-  
per,

700 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her for-  
ward.

699. Observe the diminution in this line, by which one is led to the *airy hand* in the next.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her  
beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or for-  
gotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” they said; “Oh, yes! we  
have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have  
gone to the prairies;

705 Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and  
trappers.”

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “Oh, yes! we  
have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.”

Then would they say, “Dear child! why dream and  
wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

710 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as  
loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who has  
loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and  
be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine’s  
tresses.

705. The *coureurs-des-bois* formed a class of men very early in Canadian history, produced by the exigencies of the fur-trade. They were French by birth, but by long affiliation with the Indians and adoption of their customs had become half-civilized vagrants, whose chief vocation was conducting the canoes of the traders along the lakes and rivers of the interior. Bushrangers is the English equivalent. They played an important part in the Indian wars, but were nearly as lawless as the Indians themselves. The reader will find them frequently referred to in Parkman’s histories, especially in *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, *The Discovery of the Great West*, and *Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*

707. A *voyageur* is a river boatman, and is a term applied usually to Canadians.

713. St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Catherine of Siena were both cel-

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,  
“I cannot !

715 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand,  
and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and  
illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in  
darkness.”

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father con-  
fessor,

Said, with a smile, “O daughter ! thy God thus  
speaketh within thee !

720 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
wasted ;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, re-  
turning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full  
of refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to  
the fountain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy work  
of affection !

725 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance  
is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart  
is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more  
worthy of heaven ! ”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline la-  
bored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the  
ocean,

ebrated for their vows of virginity. Hence the saying *to braid St. Catherine’s tresses*, of one devoted to a single life.

730 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, “Despair not!”  
 Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,  
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.  
 Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer’s footsteps;—  
 Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;  
 735 But as a traveller follows a streamlet’s course through the valley:  
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water  
 Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;  
 Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,  
 Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;  
 740 Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,

741. The Iroquois gave to this river the name of Ohio, or the Beautiful River, and La Salle, who was the first European to discover it, preserved the name so that it very early was transferred to maps.

Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.

745 It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,

Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acre farmers

750 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river; Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

755 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,

750. Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about six hundred and fifty Acadians had arrived at New Orleans. Louisiana had been ceded by France to Spain in 1762, but did not really pass under the control of the Spanish until 1769. The existence of a French population attracted the wandering Acadians, and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterward formed settlements on both sides of the Mississippi from the German Coast up to Baton Rouge, and even as high as Pointe Coupée. Hence the name of Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears. See Gayarré's *History of Louisiana: The French Dominion*, vol. ii.

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.

760 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,

765 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress

770 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.

775 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them ;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —

780 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

785 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, . that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

790 Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one  
of the oarsmen,  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradven-  
ture  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a  
blast on his bugle.  
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors  
leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the  
forest.

795 Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred  
to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant  
branches ;  
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the  
darkness ;  
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain  
was the silence.

800 Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed  
through the midnight,  
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-  
songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,  
While through the night were heard the mysterious  
sounds of the desert,  
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the  
forest,

805 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of  
the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the  
shades ; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,  
the lotus

810 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

815 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.

820 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.

825 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands, Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.

830 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness

835 Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,

840 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos;

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;

840 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud  
on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died  
in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the  
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, “O Father  
Felician !

845 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel  
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?  
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my  
spirit ? ”

Then, with a blush, she added, “ Alas for my credu-  
lous fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no  
meaning.”

850 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled  
as he answered, —

“ Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to  
me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats  
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor  
is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world  
calls illusions.

855 Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the  
southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur  
and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again  
to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;

860 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon

865 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.

870 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
 875 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.  
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness  
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.  
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;  
 880 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,  
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.  
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,  
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,  
 885 And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,  
 — Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling ; —  
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

878. The Bacchantes were worshippers of the god Bacchus, who in Greek mythology presided over the vine and its fruits. They gave themselves up to all manner of excess, and their songs and dances were to wild, intoxicating measures.

## III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks,  
from whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe  
flaunted,

890 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at  
Yule-tide,

Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.  
A garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant  
blossoms,

Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was  
of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted to-  
gether.

895 Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns  
supported,

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious  
veranda,

Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended  
around it.

At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the  
garden,

Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual  
symbol,

900 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of  
rivals.

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow  
and sunshine

Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself  
was in shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly ex-  
panding

Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke  
rose.

905 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a  
pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the  
limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descend-  
ing.

Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy  
canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm  
in the tropics,

910 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of  
grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of  
the prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and  
stirrups,

Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of  
deerskin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under the  
Spanish sombrero

915 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of  
its master.

Round about him were numberless herds of kine  
that were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory  
freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over  
the landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and ex-  
panding

920 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded

Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air  
of the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the  
cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of  
ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed  
o'er the prairie,

925 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the  
distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through  
the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden ad-  
vancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-  
ment, and forward

Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of  
wonder ;

930 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the  
blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the  
garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and  
answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their  
friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and  
thoughtful.

935 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark  
doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat  
embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the  
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's  
boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade  
passed.

940 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a trem-  
ulous accent,

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face  
on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept  
and lamented.

Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew  
blithe as he said it,—

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he  
departed.

945 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and  
my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,  
his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet exis-  
tence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,

950 He at length had become so tedious to men and to  
maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,  
and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the  
Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark  
Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the  
beaver.

955 Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive lover ;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning,

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison.”

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,

960 Borne aloft on his comrades’ arms, came Michael the fiddler.

Long under Basil’s roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

“Long live Michael,” they cried, “our brave Acadian minstrel !”

965 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.

970 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the cidevant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor ;  
 Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,  
 And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them ;  
 Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.

975 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,  
 Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil  
 Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.

All was silent without, and, illumining the landscape with silver,

980 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but within doors,

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

985 Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened : —

“ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer ;

990 Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

995 With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

1000 While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,

So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer : —

“ Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever !

1005 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,  
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck  
in a nutshell ! ”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-  
steps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy  
veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian  
planters,

1010 Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil  
the herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and  
neighbors :

Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who  
before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to  
each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country  
together.

1015 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro-  
ceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael’s melodious  
fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children  
delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves  
to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed  
to the music,

1020 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of flut-  
tering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the  
 priest and the herdsman  
 Sat, conversing together of past and present and  
 future ;  
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for  
 within her  
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the  
 music  
 1025 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepre-  
 sible sadness  
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into  
 the garden.  
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of  
 the forest,  
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On  
 the river  
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-  
 lous gleam of the moonlight,  
 1030 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and  
 devious spirit.  
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
 of the garden  
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
 prayers and confessions  
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
 Carthusian.  
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
 shadows and night-dews,

1033. The Carthusians are a monastic order founded in the twelfth century, perhaps the most severe in its rules of all religious societies. Almost perpetual silence is one of the vows ; the monks can talk together but once a week ; the labor required of them is unremitting and the discipline exceedingly rigid. The first monastery was established at Chartreux near Grenoble in France, and the Latinized form of the name has given us the word Carthusian.

1035 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the  
 magical moonlight  
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable long-  
 ings,  
 As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade  
 of the oak-trees,  
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the  
 measureless prairie.  
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
 1040 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite  
 numbers.  
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the  
 heavens,  
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to mar-  
 vel and worship,  
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of  
 that temple,  
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,  
 “Upharsin.”

1045 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and  
 the fire-flies,  
 Wandered alone, and she cried, “O Gabriel! O my  
 beloved!  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold  
 thee?  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does  
 not reach me?  
 Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the  
 prairie!

1050 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the wood-  
 lands around me!  
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from  
 labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me  
in thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded  
about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-  
will sounded

1055 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the  
neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped  
into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular  
caverns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,  
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers  
of the garden

1060 Bathed their shining feet with their tears, and  
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases  
of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the  
shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his  
fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the  
bridegroom was coming."

1065 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling,  
with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen al-  
ready were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and  
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was  
speeding before them,  
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over  
the desert.

1070 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that  
succeeded,  
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or  
river,  
Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but  
vague and uncertain  
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and  
desolate country ;  
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,  
1075 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from  
the garrulous landlord,  
That on the day before, with horses and guides  
and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the  
prairies.

## IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where  
the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and lumi-  
nous summits.  
1080 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the  
gorge, like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-  
grant's wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and  
Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-  
river Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps  
the Nebraska ;

1085 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the  
Spanish sierras,  
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the  
wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend  
to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn  
vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,  
beautiful prairies,

1090 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and  
sunshine,  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple  
amorphas.

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk  
and the roebuck ;

Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of rider-  
less horses ;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are  
weary with travel ;

1095 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's  
children,  
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their ter-  
rible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the  
vulture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered  
in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.

1100 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these  
savage marauders ;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of  
    swift-running rivers ;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk  
    of the desert,  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots  
    by the brook-side,  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline  
    heaven,  
1105 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above  
    them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark  
    Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers  
    behind him.  
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden  
    and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to  
    o'ertake him.  
1110 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the  
    smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but  
    at nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they found only  
    embers and ashes.  
And, though their hearts were sad at times and  
    their bodies were weary,  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana  
1115 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and  
    vanished before them.

1114. The Italian name for a meteoric phenomenon nearly allied to a mirage, witnessed in the Straits of Messina, and less frequently elsewhere, and con-

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there  
silently entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose fea-  
tures  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great  
as her sorrow.  
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her  
people,  
1120 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Ca-  
manches,  
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois,  
had been murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warm-  
est and friendliest welcome  
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and  
feasted among them  
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the  
embers.  
1125 But when their meal was done, and Basil and all  
his companions,  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of  
the deer and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept  
where the quivering fire-light  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms  
wrapped up in their blankets,  
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and  
repeated

sisting in the appearance in the air over the sea of the objects which are upon the neighboring coasts. In the southwest of our own country, the mirage is very common, of lakes which stretch before the tired traveller, and the deception is so great that parties have sometimes beckoned to other travellers, who seemed to be wading knee-deep, to come over to them where dry land was.

1130 Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her  
 Indian accent,  
 All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and  
 pains, and reverses.  
 Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know  
 that another  
 Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been  
 disappointed.  
 Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and  
 woman's compassion,  
 1135 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suf-  
 fered was near her,  
 She in turn related her love and all its disasters.  
 Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she  
 had ended  
 Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious  
 horror  
 Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated  
 the tale of the Mowis;  
 1140 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and  
 wedded a maiden,  
 But, when the morning came, arose and passed from  
 the wigwam,  
 Fading and melting away and dissolving into the  
 sunshine,  
 Till she beheld him no more, though she followed  
 far into the forest.  
 Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a  
 weird incantation,  
 1145 Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was  
 wooed by a phantom,

1145. The story of Lilinau and other Indian legends will be found in H. R. Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*.

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in  
the hush of the twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love  
to the maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume  
through the forest,

And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by  
her people.

1150 Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evange-  
line listened

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the re-  
gion around her

Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy  
guest the enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the  
moon rose,

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious  
splendor

1155 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and  
filling the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and  
the branches

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible  
whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's  
heart, but a secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,

1160 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of  
the swallow.

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region  
of spirits

Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for  
a moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing  
a phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the  
phantom had vanished.

1165 Early upon the morrow the march was resumed ;  
and the Shawnee

Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western  
slope of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of  
the Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of  
Mary and Jesus ;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with  
pain, as they hear him.”

1170 Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evange-  
line answered,

“Let us go to the Mission, for therē good tidings  
await us ! ”

Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur  
of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur  
of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of  
a river,

1175 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the  
Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of  
the village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A  
crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed  
by grapevines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude  
kneeling beneath it.

1180 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the  
intricate arches

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs  
of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer  
approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the even-  
ing devotions.

1185 But when the service was done, and the benedic-  
tion had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from  
the hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers,  
and bade them

Welcome ; and when they replied, he smiled with  
benignant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue  
in the forest,

1190 And, with words of kindness, conducted them into  
his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on  
cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-  
gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told ; and the priest with so-  
lemnity answered :—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,  
seated

1195 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden re-  
poses,

Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and continued his journey ! ”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness ;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

1200 “ Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest ; “ but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

“ Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all ; and betimes on the morrow,

1205 Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —

Days and weeks and months ; and the fields of maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,

1210 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,  
and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a  
lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in  
the corn-field.

1215 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not  
her lover.

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith,  
and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from  
the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true  
as the magnet;

It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has  
planted

1220 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s  
journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the  
desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of  
passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller  
of fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their  
odor is deadly.

1225 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and here-  
after

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with  
the dews of nepenthe.”

1219. *Silphium laciniatum* or compass-plant is found on the prairies of Michigan and Wisconsin and to the south and west, and is said to present the edges of the lower leaves due north and south.

1226. In early Greek poetry the asphodel meadows were haunted by the

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,  
— yet Gabriel came not;  
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the  
robin and bluebird  
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel  
came not.

1230 But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor  
was wafted

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blos-  
som.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan  
forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw  
River.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of  
St. Lawrence,

1235 Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the  
Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous  
marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Mich-  
igan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to  
ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in sea-  
sons and places

1240 Divers and distant far was seen the wandering  
maiden; —

shades of heroes. See Homer's *Odyssey*, xxiv. 13, where Pope trans-  
lates: —

“In ever flowering meads of asphodel.”

The asphodel is of the lily family, and is known also by the name king's  
spear.

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian  
Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the  
army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous  
cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unre-  
membered.

1245 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the  
long journey ;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it  
ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from  
her beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom  
and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of  
gray o'er her forehead,

1250 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly  
horizon,

As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the  
morning.

v.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Del-  
aware's waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the  
apostle,

Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city  
he founded.

1255 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the em-  
blem of beauty,

And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees  
of the forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose  
haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,  
an exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home and a  
country.

1260 There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he  
departed,

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descend-  
ants.

Something at least there was in the friendly streets  
of the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her  
no longer a stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou  
of the Quakers,

1265 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers  
and sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-  
deavor,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncom-  
plaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her  
thoughts and her footsteps.

1270 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the  
morning

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape be-  
low us,

1256. The streets of Philadelphia, as is well known, are many of them, especially those running east and west, named for trees, as Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce, Pine, etc.

Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and  
hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the  
world far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and  
the pathway

1275 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and  
fair in the distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was  
his image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last  
she beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence  
and absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it  
was not.

1280 Over him years had no power ; he was not changed,  
but transfigured ;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead,  
and not absent ;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to  
others,

This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had  
taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous  
spices,

1285 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air  
with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to  
Meekly follow, with reverent steps, the sacred feet  
of her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ;  
frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of  
the city,

1290 Where distress and want concealed themselves from  
the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished  
neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep, as  
the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well  
in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of  
her taper.

1295 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow  
through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and  
fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from  
its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on  
the city,

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks  
of wild pigeons,

1300 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in  
their crows but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of  
September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake  
in the meadow,

1298. The year 1793 was long remembered as the year when yellow fever was a terrible pestilence in Philadelphia. Charles Brockden Brown made his novel of *Arthur Mervyn* turn largely upon the incidents of the plague, which drove Brown away from home for a time.

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,

Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.

1305 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—

1310 Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord:—“The poor ye always have with you.”

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there

1315 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.

1308. Philadelphians have identified the old Friends' almshouse on Walnut Street, now no longer standing, as that in which Evangeline ministered to Gabriel, and so real was the story that some even ventured to point out the graves of the two lovers. See Westcott's *The Historic Mansions of Philadelphia*, pp. 101, 102.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city  
celestial,  
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would  
enter.

1320 Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, de-  
serted and silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the  
almshouse.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers  
in the garden,

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest  
among them,

That the dying once more might rejoice in their  
fragrance and beauty.

1325 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,  
cooled by the east-wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from  
the belfry of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows  
were wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in  
their church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour  
on her spirit;

1330 Something within her said, "At length thy trials  
are ended ;"

And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-  
bers of sickness.

1328. The Swedes' church at Wicaco is still standing, the oldest in the city of Philadelphia, having been begun in 1698. Wicaco is within the city on the banks of the Delaware River. An interesting account of the old church and its historic associations will be found in Westcott's book just mentioned, pp. 56-67. Wilson the ornithologist lies buried in the churchyard adjoining the church.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,  
and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,

1335 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow  
by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she  
passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the  
walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the  
consoler,

1340 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it  
forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night  
time;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by  
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of  
wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a  
shudder

1345 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flow-  
erets dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom  
of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such  
terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

1350 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples ;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

1355 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-sprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.

1360 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,

“ Gabriel ! O my beloved ! ” and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;

1365 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.

Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.

1370 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into darkness,

1375 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,

1380 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, “ Father, I thank thee ! ”

Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from  
its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are  
sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic  
churchyard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-  
noticed.

1385 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside  
them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at  
rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer  
are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have  
ceased from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-  
pleted their journey !

1390 Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the  
shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and lan-  
guage.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty  
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from  
exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its  
bosom.

1395 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are  
still busy ;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their  
kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,  
neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.

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